

Good Morning 370

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Home Town News

B-BOYS TRAIN.

ABOUT 300 Bevin boys are continually in training for work in the Welsh pits. A big percentage would rather be in battle dress, but most are ready to appreciate that the coal face is a front line industrial job nowadays.

Inevitably they are providing many stories. In one pit in the Aberdare Valley coal conveyors are identified alphabetically, A, B and C, and so on.

At the pit bottom one day the fireman was giving instructions. "You go to A. You to G. You to M," he was saying.

"And what about me," asked a diminutive lad. "Oh," said the fireman, "you go to L."

"The rude man," retorted the B.B. "I'm going out." And he did.

Lower down the pit there was a steep slope. One collier was seen to be working in water up to his ankles. Lower down another was up to his waist in water. A Bevin boy looked on. He shone his lamp on the water and noticed some bubbles rising.

"Aye," said the fireman. "See those bubbles. The collier below there is wearing a diving suit!"

MORE beer shortage news.

When a queue, which had lined up outside the "Golden Hind," one of Plymouth's "classy" pubs, one evening, was let in, the thirsty throng found 60 pints standing on the counter.

Within a moment only one loud guggle was heard!

NEWBIGGIN Colliery Welfare Juniors played 26 games of football in the complete fixtures list of the season. They won every game.

In 18 league games they scored 216 goals, and only 11 passed their goal-mouth. Certainly is a fine show, which gained them the Northumberland Junior Cup. Sounds like a record.

IN the same schoolroom where many years ago he started school life, Mr. S. Shaw, member of the Consett, Co. Durham, Education Committee, was elected their chairman.

He revealed that he started school in the same room, which was formerly an infants' school and now an Education Office.

Top of the class now.

HEARD in a shopping queue at Exeter: "You don't catch me going in for one of them there collapsible houses."

MY name is Cap'n Kidd,
Cap'n Kidd!
And this is what I did,
What I did!
I murdered William More,
And I left him in his gore,
Lying by the cabin door,
As I swore!

Stuart Martin tells "What Crook Forgot"

A Few Articles— Capt. Kidd Swung



people believed that Kidd was made the goat.

He was charged at the Old Bailey with murder and piracy. With him in the dock was one of his shipmates, Darby Mullins. There wasn't much chance for Kidd, and both he and Mullins were convicted and sentenced to death.

On the 23rd May, 1701, the two were taken from London to Execution Dock. Here an incident took place that has not been told, as far as I know, in the romances about Kidd.

After he was tied up to the gallows the rope broke and he fell to the ground. People who were present sent up a shout that this was proof of a "miscarriage of justice"; but the sheriff ordered Kidd to be strung up again.

While this was going on, the Ordinary (clergyman) who attended Kidd exhorted him to speak and confess his guilt. Up to this point Kidd had declined the ministrations of the Ordinary, but being "entreated" to save his soul by confession, Kidd addressed a few words to the crowd. He said he viewed the world with charity and hoped for salvation.

This time he was hanged, and three tides washed over his body.

The Malefactors' Bloody Register has the following comment on the breaking of the rope:

"In cases of this distressing nature, and which hath often happened to the miserable sufferer, the sheriff ought to be punished. It is his duty to carry the sentence of the law into execution, and there can be no plea for not providing a rope of sufficient strength. In such a case as this, it is, in fact, a double execution, inflicting unnecessary torments, both of body and mind, on the already too-wretched culprit."

What was it that Cap'n Kidd forgot whereby he would have escaped execution? He stated it himself. He should have had a clear set of instructions with his sailing orders. "As for William More," he confessed, "I could have hanged him at the yardarm, the mutinous rascal."

It may interest you to know that about £14,000 worth of treasure was recovered from Kidd's ship and from Gardiner's Island, off the east end of Long Island. But it has long been held that he cached much more somewhere among the West Indies, where it still lies for somebody to lift.

THE verses which the famous Captain Kidd is supposed to have bellowed on board his craft are certainly apocryphal. Kidd was not that kind of seaman.

His Christian name even is disputed. The Encyclopædia Britannica gives it as William, calls him a privateer and pirate, and says his origin is "obscure."

The Newgate Calendar or Malefactors' Bloody Register gives his Christian name as John.

Much that has been written about Kidd is pure romantic fiction. So far as my space allows, I will give you the truth about him and his fate.

IN the first place he was a Scot, born in 1645 at Greenock. He was bred to the sea, and when his apprenticeship was finished he went over to New York, where he owned a small sloop, and did some trade among the pirates who infested the coast. No man knew better than he where the pirates had their hide-out.

At that time pirates thronged every port, not only in America, but also around Britain and elsewhere. The Thames had its fresh-water pirates, who, watching for homeward-bound vessels, boarded them in the estuary, beat up the crews, and stole cargoes.

Let us be fair to Kidd. In 1691 he received an award of £150 from the council of New York for his services during the disturbances of the colony after the revolution of 1688. He served with credit against the French in the West Indies. In 1695 he came to London in his sloop to do some trade.

We have to dip into politics here. Piracy was flourishing so much in the West Indies that it was disturbing the British Government. William III was on the throne, and in that year he appointed the Earl of Bellamont to the governorship of New England and New York.

Bellamont consulted with a Colonel Levingston, a big property-owner in New York, as to how the pirates could be tackled; and Levingston, who knew about Kidd, recommended the latter as the man to help. In the meantime, Kidd went about his business in London, while Levingston wrote to Bellamont to say that Kidd was "a bold and daring seaman" and just the man they needed.

Bellamont took the matter up with the King, the King assented, the Board of Admiralty agreed, but as public affairs were in a confused state (when are they not?) nothing was done.

Then Col. Levingston went to Lord Bellamont and suggested that, since nothing was doing otherwise, they should form a

private company and engage Kidd at their own expense.

The Duke of Shrewsbury, the Earl of Romney, the Earl of Oxford, Lord Chancellor Somers, and others, came into the scheme, and £6,000 was raised. Levingston and Kidd were each to get a fifth share of the profits.

A tender word, this "profits." It was later said that the profits were expected to come from the goods taken from the pirates! Anyway, Cap'n Kidd received his sailing orders from Bellamont to go out and "seize pirates and bring them to justice." But the articles were so loosely drawn up, and were so vague, that Kidd never had definite directions as to how he was to proceed in his task. Yet part of his commission was that he was to wage "reprisals against the French."

He sailed for New York at the end of 1695 on board a fully-manned galley called the "Adventure," and on the way over to America he captured a French ship and brought her into New York. From there he sailed to the Madeira Islands, then to Bonavista and St. Jago, and so to Madagascar, and up towards the entrance to the Red Sea.

Not being successful there, he sailed to Calicut. He got one prize of 150 tons, took her to Madagascar, sold her, and five weeks later captured the "Quedah Merchant" of 400 tons, the master of which was an Englishman named Wright, and her crew were Moors.

Kidd brought his prize to Madagascar again, burned the "Adventure," divided up the loot, and sailed in the "Quedah Merchant" for the West Indies. He had many adventures, was refused provisions at various islands, left his ship with a man named Bolton, and bought a sloop, disposed of most of his cargo, and sailed for Boston.

But in his absence Bolton sold the "Quedah Merchant" to Spaniards and went as a passenger in another to Bos-

ton, arriving there before Kidd. Bolton went straight to Lord Bellamont and laid information against Kidd, charging him with piracy. When Kidd arrived he was arrested by his lordship and sent to England to be tried as a pirate.

Another charge against him was that he had murdered one of his men, named William More.

But in England there arose a great cry that there was more behind these charges than appeared on the surface. It was suggested that Kidd's employers were not free from suspicion and that at least part of the guilt lay on them.

Kidd was brought before the Bar of the House of Commons. In truth, it must be said that he was none too sober when he arrived there. But he defended himself by admitting that More, the seaman he had killed, was a mutinous rascal, and, on refusing to obey an order, Kidd had lifted a bucket and hit More with it.

As for piracy, he urged that what can happen when matters come down from the heights of plain piracy to the depths of politics. Not a few

Moors. There was no proof that this ship had been engaged in piracy. More than that, he had no instructions how to act. And this was true.

The House of Commons moved that "The letters-patent granted to the Earl of Bellamont and others were dishonourable to the King, against the law of nations, contrary to the laws and statutes of this realm, an invasion of property, and destructive to commerce."

It became a political issue to some extent. The opponents of Lord Somers and the Earl of Oxford charged these noblemen with "giving countenance to pirates." It was openly stated that the Earl of Bellamont was as culpable as anybody.

It was on record, too, that when he heard of the charge against him, Kidd had written to Lord Bellamont, saying he could justify his actions; and he sent part of the booty to the Governor.

Well, maybe you can imagine what can happen when matters come down from the heights of plain piracy to the depths of politics. Not a few

All's Well, L/Tel. James Wilkinson

IT was the good old "wash day" when we called at your home at 416, Audley Range, Blackburn, L-Tel. James Wilkinson, and your Mother was ironing away, pressing and pleating true to style.

She was all by herself, as Father was out at work. He is having a new wheel fitted into the engine of the mill, so is being kept very busy lately.

But they managed to get a week off a short time ago, so they shut up house and went off to St. Anne's for a week. By the look of your Mother, it has done them a lot of good.

When we complimented your Mother on her tan, she replied, "I wish you could have seen Jim, you would

have thought he was a nigger."

She wanted to know if you had lost your tan yet? "I expect that he will be browner than ever when he comes home the next time," she said.

Harry and Hilda send their love to you, and baby Ian is doing fine. Hilda has started to do part-time work, and she enjoys it, although she says that it's somewhat tiring. Bob and Edna were asking after you in one of their letters the other day; they are both very well and happy.

Frank is doing well at his business, and both he and Gladys are doing fine. The kiddies send their love to you; Brian is eight years old now, you know, and he is proud of it!

Your Mother showed us the family Art Gallery, containing portraits of one and all, up to the latest baby. They make quite a good show on that dresser in the sitting-room.

•Wif! Hacking, your old chum, is on a corvette these days. Your Mother said that she had seen him the other evening, and he looked very well.

"Jim was a terror to get up," she told us. "But I won't mind that in future." So there is a consolation for you, Jim. When you do come home; you can lie peacefully in bed in the mornings without fear of being forcibly dragged out.

And all's well at home. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

Martin Investigates Tunnel

PART 10

MR. Watson departed for London the next day; an urgent telephone message early in the morning made it necessary for him to leave at once.

That evening saw Mr. Watson—or rather Mr. James Nation—at his Hampstead flat, deep in a business conversation with Fielding, his manager.

Fielding, as far as the public was concerned, was "Mount and Nation." It was Fielding that the firm's rivals respected and feared: Fielding, the little, shrivelled, bald-headed man with thick glasses, who had been in the second-hand book trade all his life.

Fielding, they said, must be worth a fortune to that fellow Nation. But Joshua Fielding, who heard so much and said so little, knew where the brains of the firm lay. Fielding had few scruples, and an unbounded admiration for the knowledge and craft of his employer.

That is how Mount and Nation got the Cosworth books so cheaply, and, so far as Mr. Fielding knew, that was why his principal was still hanging on down in Cornwall. He was probing, he said, a rumour which had come to him of rare and unappreciated first editions in the possession of an elderly widow near Porthwick.

A deep one was Mr. Nation, Fielding would chuckle. He'd bring it off, if any one could; then you pushed the books off to America, where you got the best price for them, and there was no talk; no old lady to read in the papers that books like those she had sold for twenty pounds were fetching as many hundreds in a London saleroom.

Cornishman's Gold

By Anthony Mawes

But Joshua Fielding had been negotiating a similar little deal on his own account, and it had hung fire. He needed his employer's help, and he had telephoned to him to come if possible.

As he explained it, sipping his whisky and water before Mr. Watson's roaring fire: "A little farming, Mr. Nation—a little farming, and we'll get 'em. It's only sentiment that keeps her from selling, and God knows she wants money bad enough." He blinked at the yellow liquid in his glass. "I wouldn't go more than a fiver, sir; it might make her suspicious."

So Mr. Watson went off the next evening to Brighton, and in due course returned with half a dozen first editions of a much collected Victorian writer's works, each with a long and intimate inscription from the author to his old nurse.

And that old nurse gave up her treasures less sorrowfully because she knew they were going into the keeping of an old friend of her young master who would guard them well, and the ten shillings apiece he made her accept for the volumes was very welcome to a decrepit old dame, sunk in genteel poverty.

Mr. Watson paid one of his infrequent visits to his shop in Sloane Street the next morning.

He arrived there early, slipping inconspicuously in at the side door, and made his way upstairs to Fielding's office.

"I think I shall get back to Cornwall to-day," he said, after they had discussed business for a time.

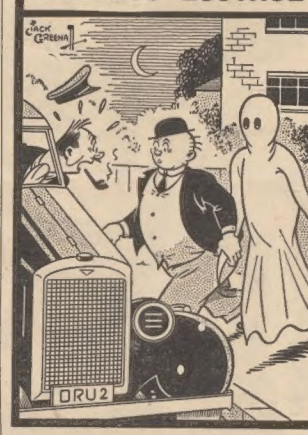
Fielding nodded. "Very well, Mr. Nation. And I don't expect your time will be wasted, sir."

Watson grinned. "Oh, by the way," said the manager suddenly, "I see we've got a customer in those parts."

Mr. Watson raised his eyebrows. "Who is it?" he asked casually.

"Lynn. Martin Lynn the novelist."

USELESS EUSTACE



"Psychic Society! And make it snappy!"

A wooden expression came over Mr. Watson's face.

"What's he buying?" he asked in a matter-of-fact way.

Fielding went out of the room and returned with Martin's letter.

"Law," he said laconically.

Mr. Watson scanned the note. It was one Martin had written some weeks before, in his first enthusiasm at the discovery of Parker's Hoard. Lynn asked for a copy of Chitwell's *Law of Treasure Trove*, or some other standard work on the subject.

"I've met Lynn," Watson said, casually, after a pause. "Has he bought anything else?"

"Yes, it seems he's bought quite a lot from time to time," the manager said. "Here are the last sales in the current ledger."

Mr. Watson's eyes narrowed. The last purchases had been Pyle's *Buccaneers*, Phelps's *Spanish Coins of the Eighteenth Century*, and, previous to that, Paine's *History of Porthwick*.

"This *History of Porthwick*—wasn't that one of the Cosworth books?" Mr. Watson queried sharply.

"Yes," answered Fielding.

Mr. Watson sat glaring for some minutes at a sizzling gas fire. This gave an entirely new turn to the affair. So Bealing was right after all. Lynn did know something; there could be no doubt about that. He must get hold of that *History of Porthwick* somehow.

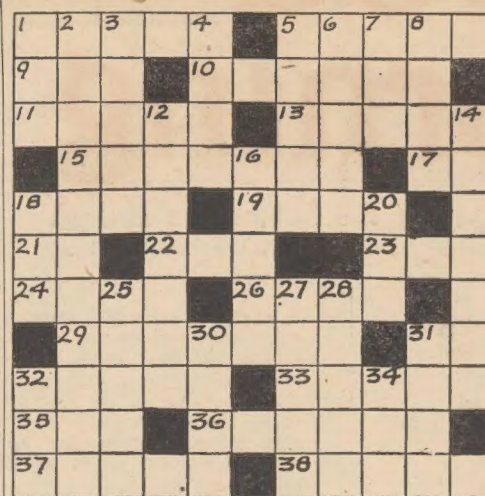
MR. Watson's prolonged absence had caused Anstice and the Lynns to believe that he and Bealing had abandoned their search. For Bealing had gone too: left suddenly a few days after Mr. Watson's departure.

The place, he said, was too quiet for him, and the tips hardly what he had expected. And Fred Pendrew had mounted the high horse and retorted:

"Very well, my man. If the place isn't good enough for you, you'd better get off at once."

So Bealing had left by the next morning's train for London.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Spot of fun.
- 5 Insect.
- 9 Mineral.
- 10 Boy's name.
- 11 Gem.
- 13 Garment.
- 15 Chopper.
- 17 Scholar.
- 18 Flaccid.
- 19 Detail.
- 21 Erect.
- 22 Allow.
- 23 Groove.
- 24 Elasticity.
- 26 Boy's name.
- 29 Gossiped.
- 31 Suffice.
- 32 Less colourful.
- 33 Bird.
- 35 Possessive pronoun.
- 36 Reasons.
- 37 Poor.
- 38 Build.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Soak.
- 2 Rash.
- 3 Sphere.
- 4 Girl's name.
- 5 Vocal composition.
- 6 Accustom.
- 7 Study.
- 8 Voluble.
- 12 Filled.
- 14 Drawing.
- 16 Essential.
- 18 Projection.
- 20 Woman.
- 25 Dance.
- 27 Combine.
- 28 Scent.
- 30 Salver.
- 31 Thin circle.
- 32 Fastening.
- 34 Insect.

LAPP TANNIC
E REVEL ASH
AVON PEBBLE
DEFACE USER
TILLERS R
HOT A RAY
U SMOTHER
SAGA LEASES
SLOPED VIAL
ATE VEXED A
ROSTER NEXT

Anstice went over to tell Madge the news.

"Now we've got a chance to see what is in that cellar passage," Madge answered. "Martin, that's your job."

And, a couple of days later, Madge and her brother found it convenient to lunch at the "Cosworth Arms" after their game of golf. It was the pot-man's afternoon off, and Mrs. Pendrew was in bed with a cold. Pendrew himself supervised the lunch which Annie, the maid, served clumsily; and as he stood chatting with them in the hall afterwards, Madge turned to her brother.

"Why don't you go to the Rectory now?" she said. "Leave me here it's very cosy by this fire. And besides, I want a little talk with Mr. Pendrew."

Martin agreed.

"All right, I'll come back for you later," he answered. Pendrew looked puzzled. He started as if to help Martin with his coat, but Madge motioned him back.

"Sit down, Mr. Pendrew—if you could spare a few minutes," she said, smiling at him.

Pendrew was flattered. "Why, of course, Mrs. Enslow: a pleasure."

Madge leaned forward. "It's about Anstice," she began. "I want to talk to you, because I feel that you understand things a good deal more than people think."

"Well—perhaps—," he said. "No perhaps, Mr. Pendrew; I know. Now, you see..."

There were times when faint dull noises just intruded upon the afternoon silence of the hotel, but Fred Pendrew was hardly conscious of the "Cosworth Arms." An hour Madge had plotted—that quiet hour before the earliest of chance tea customers might arrive. That should give Martin time to explore the cellar passage.

Actually it was less than that before Martin returned, looking grubby and rather sheepish. The

Rector was out, he explained, so he'd been for a bit of a walk over the fields.

"But it's beastly muddy," he added.

Madge smiled. "I've been having a very pleasant talk with Mr. Pendrew, Martin—"

"A most charming conversation," Pendrew assented.

There was a dull bang, and Anstice appeared through a baize-covered door. She wore a big overall that was covered with grime.

"What on earth have you been up to, Anstice?" asked Madge innocently.

Pendrew explained, not quite sure whether to be annoyed or tolerant.

"Oh, she's been messing about—that is, clearing up some old rubbish in the cellar. Anstice my dear, you'd better go and wash; not stand there in that pickle."

Anstice scurried on.

"Don't go, Mrs. Enslow," she called over her shoulder. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Yes, do let me order you some tea," Pendrew pleaded, gazing at her.

"Perhaps that would be nice," Madge agreed, with a smile of gratitude.

Pendrew bustled off. "Well?" Madge asked quietly, without raising her head.

Martin dropped into the chair which Pendrew had just vacated.

"All right," he answered, tapping a cigarette; "I've been in the passage."

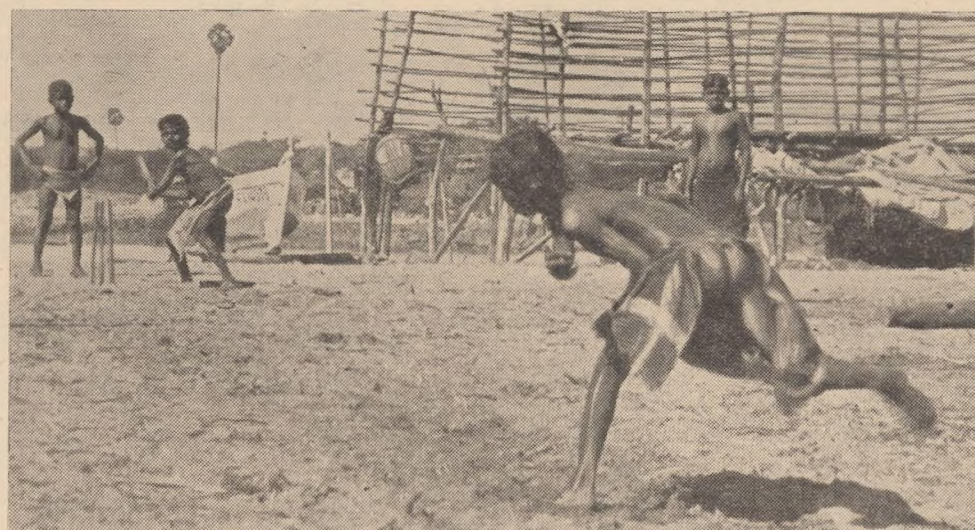
(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A phaeton is a ghost, insect, Greek theatre, Persian shoe, open carriage, reptile?
2. Who wrote (a) The Cricket Match, (b) The Safety Match?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Bat, Mole, Owl, Blindworm, Earthworm, Nightjar.
4. What was the real name of Mark Twain?
5. In what country would you expect to find Sydproven?
6. How much water can a camel stow away?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt? Pneumatic, Pnemonic, Pneuma, Pneomoral, Penology, Penicil.
8. Who invented the stereoscope, and when?
9. Who rebuilt Jericho?
10. The Association Football Cup was inaugurated in 1852, 1862, 1872, 1882, 1892?
11. What two towns in southern France describe a sailor's trousers?
12. What metal is as hard as steel, yet lighter than aluminium?

Answers to Quiz in No. 369

1. Alloy used for ornaments.
2. (a) Dostoevsky, (b) Wordsworth, (c) Rose Macaulay.
3. Hyena does not belong to cat tribe; others do.
4. Kayak.
5. Petropavlovsk.
6. Charles Latham Sholes, 1868.
7. Fantom (or Phantom), Fanfare.
8. Moscow; 200 tons.
9. Cavaliers in the Civil War of Charles I's reign.
10. Margaret Symcott.
11. Nine.
12. Iron, Indium, Iridium, Iodine.



On the banks of a tributary of the Ganges the young Indians are so enthusiastic about the English game of cricket that they have wickets of sticks and a basket for a ball. Here is the goolly bowler sending down a fast one; and at the wicket is a future Grace (maybe) all set for a boundary hit.

JANE



WANGLING WORDS—316

1. Put a girl in MIUM and it becomes a metal.
2. In the following title of a Shakespeare play, both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Neds hatt lewl lal's llew.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change LOSE into FIND and then back again into LOSE, without using the same word twice.
4. Find two hidden animals in: The bridge will span the road and be arranged for two rows of traffic. (The required letters will be found together and in the right order in each case.)

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 315

1. HAIRRAISED.
2. One good turn deserves another.
3. LOVE, hove, have, HATE, late, lave, LOVE.
4. Pot-a-to.

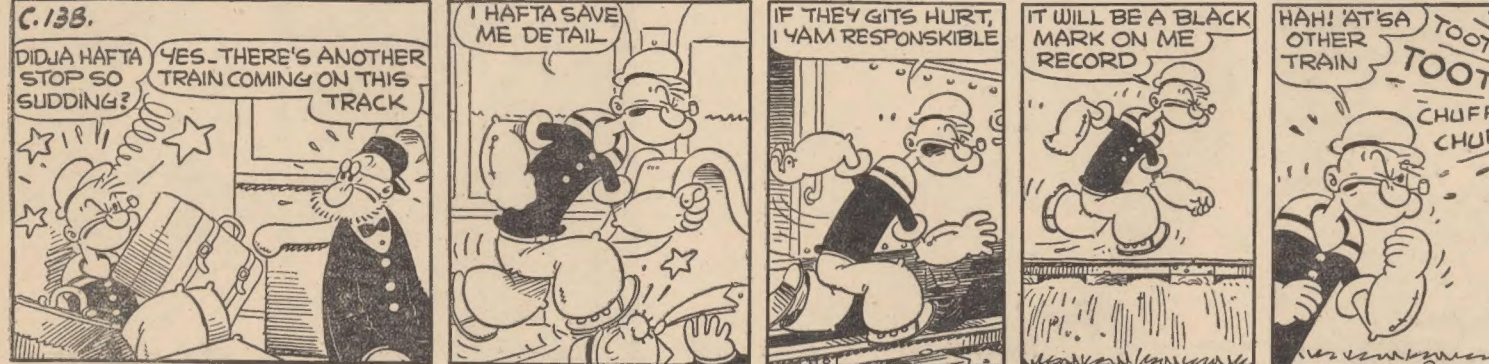
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



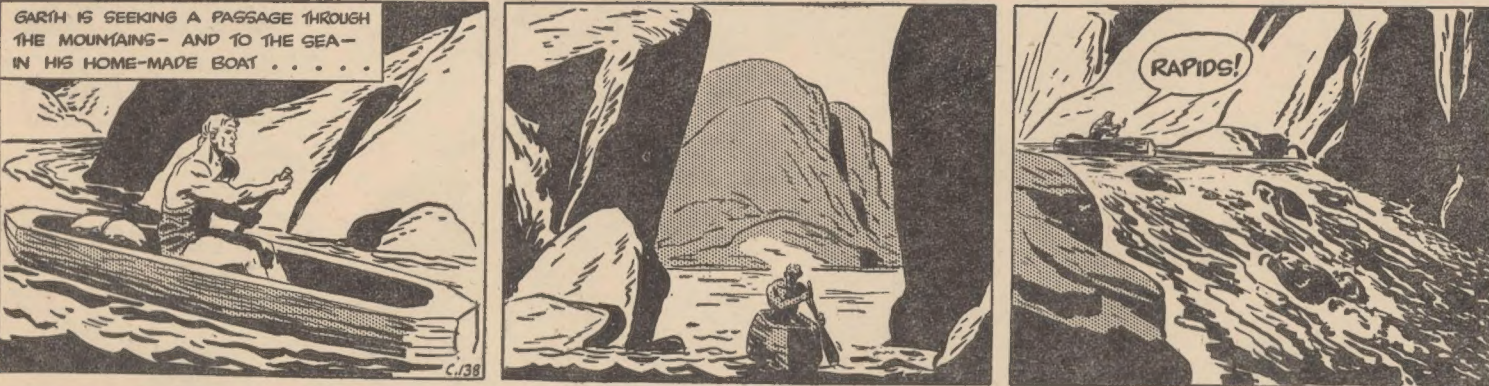
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



How Colours are Mixed

By Dick Gordon

WITH the new trend, fans are showing a keen interest in Technicolor processes, probably because so many millions are experimenting with their own "coloured home movies," made with 16 mm. cameras. What is Technicolor? How does it work?

It is, of many processes fully or partially developed, the most widely used method, and there are some strange and interesting things about it. One is that it uses the "psychological" primary colours instead of the "physiological" primary colours, red, blue and yellow, which are used by painters who mix them to get any desired colour or shade. Because the camera deals with light and impressions of a different sort, the primary colours it uses are red, blue and green.

Inside each Technicolor camera there are three films, all taking pictures of a scene or action at the same time—one for each of the above-mentioned primary colours. A curious thing is that the one known as the "red record" does not record red at all; it eliminates red—and so on with the others, each eliminating the particular colour for which it is intended. For this reason—that the particular films eliminate their particular colours—Technicolor is called a "subtractive process."

Early colour processes were known as "additive," that is, an attachment in front of the lens on the projector "added" the desired colours. To-day's colour pictures make those early ventures appear as primitive as the kaleidoscope.

The three films are developed like ordinary negatives, but when it comes to the stage of making the final Technicolor film we find a new, strange thing. From each negative a matrix is made. On this matrix one can see the tiny images of the picture raised in relief, resembling a rubber stamp.

A coating of dye, complementary in colour to the colour in which the negative was photographed, is applied to the matrix. The matrix is then pressed against a clear film, which takes up the colour just as ink is transferred from a rubber stamp to paper.

It can be seen that by thus printing the matrix, one colour "record" after another, on the clear film, a combination of all shades and colours is attained in the finished print. So the process is somewhat like printing, in colour, with type—the dye giving the matrix or "type" its particular hues, tints and colours.

In "Lassie Come Home" a slightly different method of achieving the final colour effect was used. Here, what is called a monopak was used; that is, just one film, but a film using three colour sensitive emulsions, one on top of the other.

This film was taken into the Technicolor laboratories, and the various colours "taken off" in a secret process and put on to the final prints.

One field in which Technicolor has been very popular for a long time—and a field in which M.-G.-M. has been a leader—is in short subjects and cartoons. The studio which, last year, released fifteen cartoons, has ten others scheduled in 1944, as well as nine of the popular Fitz-Patrick Traveltalks, and two miniatures.

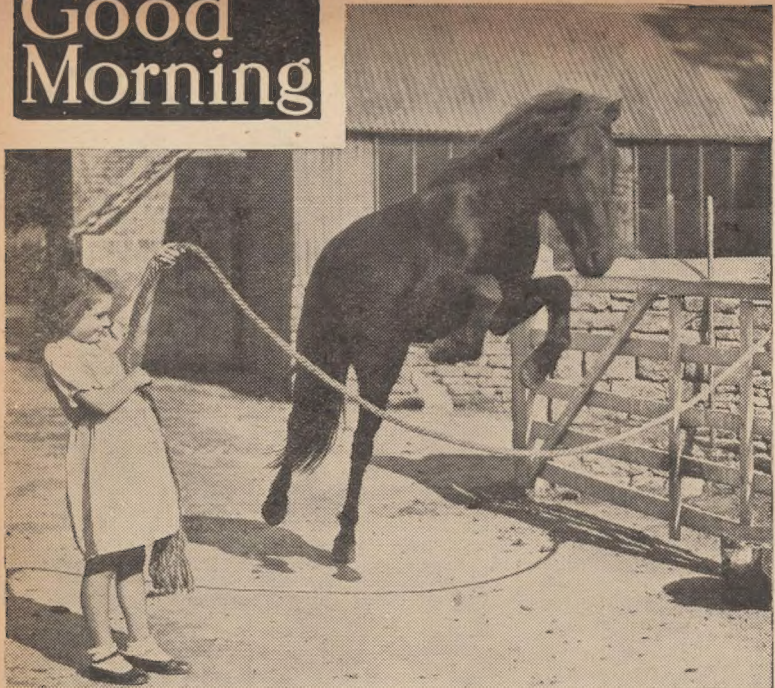
Yet with great toil all that I can attain
By long experience, and in learned schools,
Is for to know my knowledge is but vain,
And those that think them wise, are greatest fools.

Earl of Stirling (1567-1640).

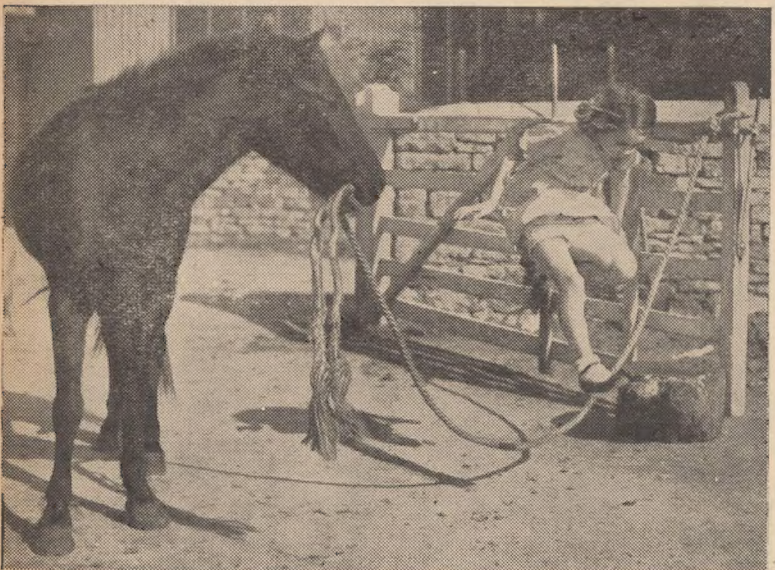


"Know any games, miss?"

Good Morning



HUP! HUP! OVER! Joyce Wilby, 10-year evacuee to Gloucestershire, found a great pal in Black Bess, at the Amberley Riding School. Not only did Joyce learn to trot, gallop, canter—and stick on—Black Bess; she taught Bess a few tricks in the bargain, as you see here.



This England Springtime in a Kentish village. Little Chart, near Ashford, with its Fifteenth Century Church.



WELL HELD, MISS!

Or the way we'd like to let ourselves go on the beach.



"Now, if I could get round the corner, that's the kind of game I'd like."



"Include me out! I've got a big enough job clinging to me own perch."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Yeah, I'd have you off your perch."

